

Business Associations

LAW 315

Private Food or Public Good?

Notes on a meal drawn from the capital of relationships
with no money down.



Everything winds up

underground. Decay starts below, as our branches bloom.

We disintegrate from the fundamentals, staggering before we fall. We discard our principals, leaving a mirror image of what we were in life.

An orchard inverted, mycelium spread amongst the roots inverted, verdant leaves part to show something unimagined has begun to grow.



Drizzling lazily, suspended in the sun, lingering like her
golden hair in the sun. You hold the sweetness of the summer
that we spent together, crystalizing, stored safe, entombed.

This was the last gift you gave me. The last

memory remaining, the only

potential we have left

running out



0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144.

144, 89, 55, 34, 21, 13, 8, 5, 3, 2, 1, 1, 0.

Diminishing returns grow toward nothingness. Growth scales
back its economy, and the fern
waits for the cycle to close. Spring
blinks an eye. That's how narrow
is the space between sublime taste and twisted ruin.



Eggs:

Rosebud, Valentine

Ms. Stanley, Catherine.

Chickens:

Rosebud, Ms. Stanley, Valentine, Catherine.

The chickens cry every morning. At first, they ran at my approach, but before long they cooed and called to come out and peck at my heels around the yard.

It is strange to have an affair with an egg. It is odd for it to be a gift from a friend. Chickens begin as capital, but decay into companions. Without money as an intermediary, the exchange becomes intimate,
a covenant cradling albumen and ovum in its shell.



I wade out into the sea, filling
the jug with water rich with saline
residue of the salt in our veins, the flushed-out
sodium channels of our brains.

I am conscious of salt, aware that the salt that makes me
conscious will one day trickle down the drain. The pot boils
and my thoughts crystalize until no water
remains



A warrior of great renown was tired after endless battles in which he barely escaped with his life. With each near miss as an arrow passed by his ear, he grew more and more troubled and afraid of death. He spoke to the elders in his village, asking them how he could avoid death, but they would only laugh at him. Eventually they grew tired of his questions, and dismissed him, saying "only Klooskap can possibly help you."

The warrior went to Klooskap and asked him: "how can I live forever?" Klooskap smiled at him, saying, "I can help you, but it may not be what you expect. Many have sought my aid and been unhappy with the result."

The warrior readily agreed to whatever Klooskap had in mind. All he wanted was to be free of his fear of death.

Klooskap took him in a boat across the water to a small island, barren and rocky. He told the warrior to stand on the rocks and raise his arms to the sky. As he did so, Klooskap whispered something to the stones, and the warrior changed. His arms turned to boughs, his hair to leaves, and his feet sprouted roots deep into the earth. "Now you have escaped death," Klooskap laughed. "You will surely be safe here, as a crooked old tree on a lonely island. No one will trouble you now. You will endure." Klooskap climbed into his boat and set off for shore, leaving the warrior to his long life.

Our lives on this earth are only brief moments. We appear and are gone like sparks from the council fire. The only way we avoid oblivion is through transformation, through the cycle of life that allows us to rise and grow from the land around us, and to return to the land and nourish it when we die.

